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TWO OR THREE DOGS.

THERE is one question which runs parallel to Professor Huxley's development theory, and which may, to future philosophers, afford a wonderfully abstruse field for speculation. If the present age amicably settles the dispute as to our gorilla parentage; if the ancient Welsh pedigree, which notes the creation of Adam about half-way up its tree, descends a little further into parent earth, and instead of Ap-Williams and Ap-Jones, writes Ape-Williams and Ape-Jones, a fair advance in speculative philosophy will have been made. But when this law is established on the same footing as the law of gravitation, then philosophers may inquire further into the laws which govern the development of intellect. We shall respect the courage but pity the infatuation of the man who first attempts the solution of this question. Is intellect, he will have to inquire, progressive from a jelly-fish up to Newton? Are there the germs of Hamlet and Othello in the head of a slug? Is the burning eloquence of Demosthenes a latent spark in the breast of a toad? In such a chaos of speculation, one remark may be ventured: The development of instinct, which only differs from intellect in degree (see Coleridge, Green, Max Müller, &c.), does not follow quite evenly in the track of development of species. The gorilla, nearest to man in physical form, is not intellectually the most cultivated of beasts. Those relatives of his, whom Mr Carlyle calls 'Our poor friends the apes by the Dead Sea,' are far surpassed by the elephant and the dog in mental calibre. They are clever gentlemen, certainly—mere superficial geniuses. This, nevertheless, may be the want of such superior educational advantages as dogs possess. The dog-kind have been to school and improved themselves.

People are always fond of dog-anecdotes. When a new one appears, it is common property at once; and old ones—such as the story of the dog who took his disabled friend to the surgeon, by whose skill he had himself recovered—are familiar to us as household words. As with babies, so also with dogs. When a baby first makes a wry face at the

medicine-chest, or produces in company with a bubble its first splutter of 'Pa,' the nursery is in ecstasies at its sagacity. What if these development theories go to prove that the darling derived its intelligence from Jip or Jock? Owing to this propensity of ours to give humanity to animals, some of the most cunningly expressive 'bits' in painting, poetry, or prose, are attempts of this kind. Who does not love Shakspeare's Crab, who 'thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs;' Landseer's paintings of dogs in character; Dickens's dog, who goes without his supper, because he has lost a half-penny; and Leech's drawings of the Skye terrier and the pig, which have such ludicrous human counterparts? Is not Toby a most important *dramatis persona* in the enthralling tragedy of Punch? Is there in serio-comedy anything more serio-comic than the snap he makes at Punch's nose? From his place on the stage he looks out on the world with professional nonchalance. The mysteries of that most mysterious of theatres, into which no child would venture to peep after dark, are no mysteries to him. The cake that boy with the bad cold and scarlet comforter is devouring, raises intense emotion in his little hairy bosom. But he has his part to play (and the man below pinches his tail), and accordingly he snaps at Mr P.'s nose.

I was always fond of dogs, and, like the niggers in *Uncle Tom*, always kept 'a pup o' some natur or other;' consequently, I have a few dog-anecdotes to add to the general stock.

The first I can remember in my childish days was a dog of the name of Turk, and all I can recollect about him is the manner of his death. Turk suffered so much from the mange, that he was sentenced to be drowned. He died, like Epicurus, in a warm bath, for our old nurse, with great humanity, insisted on the water being warmed, in consideration of the extreme coldness of the weather. I think this instance of humanity worthy of being recorded. My next dog, Judy, was a *he*, and this confusion between name and sex was strictly in keeping with the rest of his character. The most skilful dog-fancier would have given

up in despair the attempt to determine his breed. In the canine cosmos, he was a 'casual.' Long, lean, and lanky, his face was like a rat's, and his eyes glinted with a wickedly good look—such a look as the devil might be supposed to have put on, when he assumed the monkish habit on the occasion of his celebrated sickness. I picked him up when a puppy in the streets of Oxford, and took him to my rooms in college. An old don, who had a perfect horror of dogs, espied him one day, and scrutinising him, spectacles on nose, exclaimed: 'Ahem, bless my soul—hum—very odd—why, I believe it's a dog.' 'Well, sir,' said my scout apologetically—for dogs were forbidden in college—'I don't rightly know what the hanimal is, but I should say it hevidently ain't a dorg.' Judy was a dissipated beast in his undergraduate days, and used to get drunk overnight, and take, as the scout remarked, his soda-water in the morning 'as like a Christian as ever was.' In fact, this unhappy dog, from earliest puppyism, took a pride in uncanny ways, and in the culture of such wild oats as a dog might sow. His whole life was spent in lying in wait; his existence passed round corners. Sudden disappearances, inexplicable re-appearances, with that solemn devil-in-a-monk's-cowl expression, were his delights. The course of Judy's wicked ways was untimely cut short. A cruel youth flung him down the shaft of a deserted coal-mine, and that same old nurse of ours gave a collier sixpence to discover his fate. The result, though I have my doubts as to whether the man really went down, confirmed her forebodings.

But among all my dogs, a setter, named Nell, was pre-eminent. It is impossible to do justice to the grace, beauty, refinement, and intelligence of this paragon of dogs. Of all intelligent dogs the most intelligent, she was the delight of the house and village. Nell was a lady; a lady both by nature and by birth—what the French would call a *Dame comme il faut*. She was a purely bred Irish setter, of the glossiest black I ever saw; patent leather was nothing compared to her ears. Her face was marvellously expressive: by every glance of her eye, every twist of her ears, and every twitch of her nose, her ideas were expressed, for, not being gifted with language, the face was her organ of speech. Her face, then, was of the highest order of beauty; the features were beautiful, and lit up with a wonderful play of intelligence. She had never been regularly trained as a sporting-dog, which, indeed, hardly depreciated her value, for, not being rigidly confined by rule, she took the whole duty of every kind of dog on her own individual shoulders. She was equally excellent as a spaniel, a setter, and a retriever. As far as sporting went, it would be an insult to compare her to a human being, so infinitely did she exceed any man in intelligence and quick perception. I used, when out in the fields, to talk to her. 'Now, Nell, just try those bushes.' Nell rushed off. 'No, stop.' Nell stopped. 'Those more to the left.' Off Nell went again. 'Now, that bit of gorse, Nell.' Out came a rabbit or a hare. 'Why didn't you shoot?' Nell asked indignantly. 'Because, Nell, I hadn't time.' 'Well,' said Nell, 'you're a pretty fellow to come out shooting with;' and went off to try the next place in a disgusted frame of mind. Bang! Out came Nell eagerly: 'You wretch! you've missed.' Bang! 'This,' said Nell, after satisfying herself that the creature was really dead,

and lying down while I recharged, 'is what I call more satisfactory.' I cannot help putting down Nell's sayings, for her face really did say all this, and much more.

And though she was of high degree,
The fient a pride, na pride had she.

She would condescend to the absurdest gambols with children. I have often seen her gravely standing still to be tied up in a sheet, and then struggle frantically to get loose. When she had liberated herself, she would come to be fastened up again, being well aware that her plungings, bitings, rollings, and tossings to and fro of paws and tail, were a source of unmitigated delight to her young audience.

Nell, of course, knew how to 'shake hands.' Once, indeed, in connection with this shaking of hands, she manifested not only a human intelligence, but great refinement of feeling. She had been disobedient, and I summoned her to receive punishment. She came cowering and crouching down, with a deprecating quiver of the extreme end of her tail. After laying the enormity of her conduct before her in a few plain words, I raised my hand to strike her; when she saw the uplifted hand, she got up on her haunches, and, with a penitent look, held out her paw to 'shake hands.' Of course, my wrath was disarmed.

Many dogs are clever at opening doors, but Nell in cold weather would close them, and then proceed to make herself comfortable. She was not generally allowed to enter the house, but always, *demisso vultu*, crept in during a thunder-storm. She liked company in her terror, and would even appear in the drawing-room with a self-conscious look, as much as to say: 'Here I am; now I know you'll let me stop while this horrid storm lasts. Electricity always affects my nerves; so I'll just take the liberty of going under the sofa.'

With all her good qualities, Nell was not perfect—*Caninam est errare*. She was afflicted with what, in a lady of her breeding and refinement, might be called kleptomania; in other words, she was a cool and imperturbable thief. Like the garrotting fraternity, her theory of successful robbery was unbounded impudence. She once walked into a cottage where the family was just sitting down to dinner, got on the table, and walked off—to have run off, would not have displayed sufficient impudence—with a joint of meat, over which she was discovered keeping watch and ward till it should be cool enough to eat. Among her other faults, likewise, she had an insane idea that every living creature in motion was to be charged and barked at. This propensity of Nell's of course got her into many scrapes. I recollect one in particular. Nell and I once met a man with milk-cans cantering along on a very lively specimen of the donkey tribe. This gentleman, after the fashion of those who ride on asses, had modestly taken his seat as far back as possible; in fact, there was only a sportively extended tail between him and the invention of Mr Macadam. Nell charged—*magnis latratibus instat*. Down went the tail, off went the donkey, and the rider was accommodated with a seat on the unpleasantly hard road, which, with the upset of the milk-cans, became a milky-way. 'Yet did not this hard-hearted cur shed one tear;' on the contrary, Nell immediately lay down, and, like that other animal of her own kind who was so

excessively tickled with the vagaries of the dish and spoon, laughed to see the fun. The man in his rage forgetting both the sex and species of his assailant, shook his fist at her, and roared out: 'Oh, you blackguard!' This upset me too, and Nell and I laughed consumedly over it for a long time.

When Nell was five or six years old, and when her heart had been touched by maternal cares, I had another dog, one Pinch by name. This dog came of high parentage. His father took the first prize in a large dog-show, and his mother was a celebrated female dog at Oxford. He was a thoroughbred bull-terrier. Dogs not being allowed in college, Pinch lived at a neighbouring inn. Here he signalised himself early in life. The landlord's daughter, taking a great fancy to the white, plump, sleek, little miscreant, carried him up one night into her room. Here Pinch found a snug corner, and coiling himself up, went to sleep. Soon the sister came up to bed, quite ignorant of the presence of such a rampaging creature. In the morning, Pinch was up betimes, and stealthily prowled about in search of mischief. Presently the sister, thinking it time to rise, offered to Pinch's observation a toe protruding from beneath the bedclothes. In the then state of his mind, it came most opportunely, and he instantly fastened on it. The frightened shriek that followed alarmed the whole household.

When I brought the infant warrior home, afraid that, if tied up alone, he would howl all night long, I pushed him into Nell's kennel, and shut the doors. From that time, Nell took Pinch under her maternal care; and Pinch, with filial love, requited his kind foster-mother. Pinch was a thorough aristocrat. With half-closed eyes, he would survey the world, as much as to say: 'I'm an amiable and condescending fellow; at times I play the fool. *Dulce est desipere in loco*. But don't take liberties with me, that's all.' Pinch's youth passed in innocence; he never bit anything except his own tail, and Nell's ears, except the above-mentioned toe. His first battle was on this wise. He met with a cat, and went up to play with her most peaceably. Puss put out her paw, and ploughed a furrow down his nose. Instantly that blood he had inherited from dogs of war was roused; there was what Leech's rude boy in *Punch* called a 'scaunch,' and Puss was no more. From that time, armed literally to the teeth, his life was spent in warfare. He died from an attack of distemper, in the first vigour of youth, and in anything but the odour of sanctity. A worthy servant of ours, whose fervent genius soared above the rules of rhythm, composed the following epitaph to his memory:

Here lies Pinch. Lament not o'er his fall:
If he'd lived much longer, he'd ha' worried us all.

Nell also, in process of time, growing old, was troubled with divers diseases, and it was decided that she should be shot. The man came to take her away; but Nell refused to go, and she was too big to be dragged off by force. I went out to her to use my authority, and at once I saw that she knew her last hour was come. Of this I am as confident as I ever was of anything. Still she refused to go. She sat on her haunches, looking, not wistfully or beseechingly, but only affectionately up at me. I walked away from the house some distance with her, and then shook hands with her for the last time, and told her to go. She went,

faithful even unto death, but looked back at me over her shoulder as long as I was in sight.

Poor old Nell! I hope, for your sake, that good man was right who fancied an animal paradise or a happy hunting-ground for well-behaved dogs. There should be the mighty ghosts of the dogs of history and song. Nell should there meet with the dog of Montargis, who went forth like a valiant knight to the battle-ordeal, and avenged his murdered master. She should meet with Argo, now happily rid of his fleas, and provided with better accommodation than the dungheap, whence he arose to welcome the returning Odysseus. Crab, the 'sourest-natured cur that ever lived,' should relax his grim visage at the arrival of her ghost. The Mustard and Pepper favourites of the late Mr Dandy Dimmont should pause awhile from drawing that spectral badger, and inquire after Pinch. There would Nell be glad to hear that Pandean pipes and the shrill tones of Mr Punch ceased to annoy beatified Tobies. Abundance of juicy bones should be there, creamy milk, rich oatmeal, pleasant coverts, whence Nell should turn out the ghosts of departed rabbits and hares, and a ghostly sportsman (who might be armed with an air-gun) should shoot them in perpetuity for Nell's delight. This, however, would hardly be a paradise for the rabbits and hares.

APHASIA.

EVERY one who has dipped into philosophy, ancient or modern, must have been amused by the occasional discrepancy between fact and theory; between the 'to be' and the 'how it is possible to be.' For example, Sir William Hamilton has suggested in his Lectures this speculative difficulty: How is it possible, from the constitution of the human intellect, that a man can forget anything he has ever known? Sir William does not deny that the *practical* difficulty is all the other way. Most people, we fear, will be inclined to treat a difficulty so wholly ideal much in the same way as Diogenes met the doubts of Zeno respecting the theoretic possibility of motion—by getting up and walking. Yet the speculative question involved in the imperceptible fading away of knowledge from the mind, is not devoid of interest. Consider, for example, the element of time in the inquiry. You meet, say, a word from a foreign language, which is a total stranger to you; but on turning over your old papers, find that you must have been at one time familiar with it. Now, up to what time could the word be called a possession of your own? for there must have been some particular point at which it ceased to be your own property, and a moment beyond which its recall was impossible. Many similar questions might be asked—more easily asked than answered. Without attempting this, we may remark that, as regards verbal memory, every one must have more or less experience of one great mental difficulty—that of bringing a particular word to the surface at the moment you wish to utilise it. In vain you summon it from the vasty deep of memory; you know that it is somewhere within the sphere of your consciousness—that it is one of your mental possessions; but you have sometimes the mortification of finding yourself insolvent, not from want of assets, but because they are not immediately available. Now, let this tendency to forgetfulness of words be slightly aggravated, and you have the

rudimentary form of a disease arising from an abnormal cerebral condition, to which, in recent years, the term Aphasia has been given in the medical world. The most striking characteristic of this disease—on account of which the name has been given to it—consists in the loss of power on the part of the subject of it of recalling certain words or classes of words, and in the worst cases, in the almost total destruction of the power of expression. As the facts involved in the partial or the total loss of the faculty of language are suggestive of certain questions of no little psychological interest, we make no apology for bringing the subject before the readers of this Journal.

An eminent French jurist, on consulting his physician, exhibited the following mental peculiarities: In the middle of a conversation, he would find himself at a loss for the word he wanted, and at times substituted a strange one for it. On other occasions, he would say to his wife: 'Give me my—dear me! my—you know;' and he would point to his head. 'Your hat!' 'O yes; my hat.' Sometimes, again, he would ring the bell before going out, and say to his servant: 'Give me my um—umbrel—umbrel—O dear!' 'Your umbrella!' 'O yes; my umbrella.' At this time, this gentleman exhibited otherwise no symptom of diminished intelligence, and was in the habit of discussing the most intricate points of law. One common and very natural device among persons subject to the more trivial kind of aphasia is to supply the place of a forgotten word by a periphrasis. One man, who could never remember the word 'aunt,' was in the habit of denominating that lady 'the nearest relative by the mother's side.' This man, who had forgotten his own name, was yet, to all appearance, quite intelligent, and generally managed to escape his verbal difficulties by a process of circumlocution. Sometimes the word substituted is neither of the nature of a synonym nor a periphrasis, but bears only an arbitrary, and sometimes a whimsical, relation to that missing word. One old gentleman, who had forgotten the names of his servants, was accustomed to call his footman by the name of 'Young Water;' his butler, 'Old Water;' his medical attendant he knew by the not very complimentary title of 'Young Knock-him-down.' People of rank whose names he had forgotten, were styled such names as 'the king,' 'the queen,' 'the grand vizier.' Occasionally, to mark more clearly the person to whom he referred, he had recourse to mimicking characteristic traits of manner, or shewing off oddities of personal appearance, such as describing with his arm the capacity of an abdomen. On one occasion, he put an almanac into the hands of his medical attendant, and asked what o'clock it was—meaning the day of the month. On another occasion, on going out for a drive, he gave his coachman the rather indefinite direction: 'Take me to the place where I never was before'—alluding to a new bridge in the neighbourhood. To shew still further this man's verbal difficulties, he recollected that, previous to his illness, he had put his name to a bill of L230. Within a few days of the time it fell due, he seemed very restless, and had long conversations with his overseer, who could not make out anything he said. At last, one day he exclaimed: 'I want a hundred, another hundred, and something less than a hundred.' It will easily be seen from these examples that this man's power of articulate

expression was deeply damaged. His case, indeed, was in many respects a remarkable one. He had been an accomplished linguist, and after the attack of aphasia, his conversation chiefly consisted of a jargon composed of a mixture of words from many languages, and some, it was believed, belonging to none. His intellect did not appear to be much, if at all affected. On meeting an old friend after a long absence, he usually began the conversation in English, but soon struck off at a tangent for some other language. Surprise uniformly produced English, while anxiety with him seemed to find its natural expression in a foreign tongue, or possibly in a mixture of them. It was also observed that when at a loss for the termination of a word, he sometimes tacked on to it the last syllable of a synonym. In this way, he manufactured the word 'guz-cure,' a compound of the first syllable of *quizzical*, and the last of *epicure*. We give these details, not as mere verbal curiosities connected with deficient power of expression, but that the reader may have some idea of what is the essential nature of aphasia, considered as an abnormal cerebral condition involving the faculty of language. It is worthy of observation, that in these examples the missing word is almost always a noun, a name, and that proper nouns—the names of individuals—are especially liable to slip from the vocabulary of the aphasic. This latter fact is probably due to the circumstance, that proper names are held in the mind by the fewest associative links; so that even in its normal state, the memory has, as compared with common names, only a loose hold of them. The other fact, that names in general, of all the parts of speech, are the first which are lost in a disease implicating the general power of expression, evidently points to a well-established principle in the philosophy of language—namely, that names 'are the strongholds of thought;' or, in the words of Hegel, that 'it is in names we think.'

We pass on to notice those cases in which the destruction of the power of articulate expression has been more marked and complete. In one instance, the total vocabulary of an aphasic consisted of five words, 'yes,' 'no,' 'three,' 'always,' and 'helo' (for Helong, his own name). His use of the word 'three' was very peculiar. When asked if he had children, he said 'Three;' but held up four fingers. 'How many boys?' 'Three;' but he held up two fingers. 'How many girls?' 'Three;' but he again held up two fingers. 'What o'clock is it?' 'Three;' and he raised ten fingers (it was ten o'clock). It has been taken for granted by the medical commentators on this case, that he intended his finger-gestures as simply a corrective of his tongue, which he was aware was playing him false. But, in that case, what need of using his tongue at all? It is possible that he may have used the word 'three' as a representative of number in general (in the same way as an algebraist uses a letter of the alphabet), leaving it to his fingers to indicate the particular number he meant. Another patient replied 'No' to every question, but accompanied it with a nod of his head when he meant it to mean 'yes.' One old gentleman, on the other hand, had only one word, 'yes,' which he used on all occasions, even when he shook his head in denial. It is noteworthy that, when in the vocabulary only a single word survives the wreck of the faculty of language, that one word is very often the little monosyllable of affirmation or of

denial—'yes' or 'no.' But it must not be inferred that though the power of giving expression to the intellectual nature may be roughly measured by the extent of the vocabulary, that this affords any index of the power of manifesting emotional feeling. In ordinary circumstances, language is doubtless one, and the most important, of the channels by which emotion can have an outlet. But there are other modes; and in aphasia, these subsidiary means are brought into greater prominence. Shut out from the resource of language, the aphasic can still, by different shades of tone, pitch, and modulation, exhibit with wonderful accuracy the varying degrees of emotion of every description. Of one woman, for example, we are informed that 'she had only one continuously repeated jargon, "Commettymy pittimty." Her voice 'ran up and down as she was vexed with what her husband said about her, or earnest in contradicting or enforcing what he said.' It is one of the most remarkable facts in connection with this abnormal condition, that the power of expressing passion and emotion frequently survives the faculty of expressing thought and intelligence.

One apparently anomalous circumstance connected with this part of the subject yet remains to be mentioned. It not unfrequently happens, that in the heat of passion, or the excitement of emotion, a word or phrase, not always correct as regards taste and ethics, is ejaculated, and which the patient is wholly unable to reproduce when the stimulus of emotion is wanting. This sometimes happens even in the worst cases, when the individual is to all appearance, by his calamity, permanently isolated from his species. Many persons, indeed, who have come in contact with aphasics, and ignorant of this peculiarity, have considered the disease as *feigned*, and that in these moments of excitement the patients have been caught off their guard. Even such a cause as the impatience felt at the absurdity of their own verbal vagaries, will often draw from the patient, not only a gesture of vexation, but even an oath. The following conversation followed the admission of one of these patients into a French hospital. 'Are you not from Haute-Loire?' to which, like an echo, he replied: 'Haute-Loire.' 'What is your name?' 'Haute-Loire.' 'What is your profession?' 'Haute-Loire.' 'But your name is Marcon?' 'Yes, sir.' 'You are sure your name is Marcon?' 'Yes.' 'What is your country?' 'Marcon.' 'Not at all, that is your name,' and then, with a gesture of impatience, the aphasic would utter an imprecation. This man's case, it will be observed, had this additional peculiarity, that he appears to have lost, to a great extent, the power of originating any other word than the last he had heard. Another patient could pronounce only one word 'Duk;' but provocation would draw from him a strong expletive, which he was perfectly powerless to pronounce when asked. Another man, who in ordinary circumstances could only utter the meaningless combination 'Cousisi,' could, when irritated, get out 'Sacon, Sacon;' probably an abortive attempt at the oath 'Sacré nom de Dieu.' The explanation of these phenomena appears to be this: these explosive epithets had become with such persons the habitual mode of expressing passion; and so intimate is the relation between consequent and antecedent in our habitual actions, that in many cases even the iron bonds of mutism are insufficient to prevent the action follow-

ing its customary stimulus. The same principle is exhibited in a more pleasant form by the 'my dear' which escaped from another patient, who could, on ordinary occasions, utter only a few meaningless words. The 'tender emotion' here obviously supplied the stimulus. Nor is the presence of active emotional feeling always necessary. A French patient, whose power of expression was limited to one word, 'Yes,' on one occasion uttered a loud and distinct 'Merci,' on a lady returning him his handkerchief, which he had dropped. His friends were elated at his supposed sudden recovery of speech; but he was utterly powerless to pronounce the word again, although implored to do so, after it had been repeated to him several times. The force of old habit had brought out the word, apparently without difficulty, but no amount of voluntary effort could reproduce it. A musician, the subject of aphasia, and who had lost the ability to read and write as well as to speak, could yet, on hearing a passage of music, write it with facility.* It would be easy to multiply similar cases; but sufficient examples have been given for the object we had in view, namely, to illustrate the frequent want of voluntary power in the aphasic condition to coerce into disciplined action the organs of expression; while these organs can nevertheless be brought into play under the stimulus of emotional excitement, or in obedience to the power of long-continued habit.

But we must now turn our attention to the writing of aphasics, for it is clear that to probe the depth and extent of the injury sustained by the faculty of language, experiments must be made on the writing as well as on the speech of the subjects of this malady. As we might have expected, we find that in most cases where the disease is of a serious character, the one mode of expression is equally impossible with the other. The aphasic takes the pen eagerly into his hand, and either scrawls a few illegible hieroglyphics, or writes some word wholly different from the one he intended. Possibly the first letter may be accurately formed, especially if the word be his own name; but the rest is generally a shapeless scrawl, or a meaningless combination of letters. One man (and this is by no means an extreme case) who had been possessed of considerable mental acquirements, on being asked to write the Lord's Prayer, wrote what follows: 'Or hather daddha ea ka kava hoono kear ten take ther kingham ter der gemees ke ill ter as it is in heaven give us ther des ker des derres, &c. It will be observed that a few words are written correctly, while the others for the most part bear no resemblance to those they were intended to represent. One curious circumstance regarding this man was, that though he could not write one of the numeral series in words, he could write them in figures—at least up to 20. This apparent anomaly probably arose from the much greater compactness of a figure as the symbol of an idea, as compared with a word. We may also remark that sometimes the only word which an aphasic can write is the identical word which he can articulate.

* There is on record a curious case of an old man, who, in consequence of apoplexy, could not read or distinguish one letter from another; but if a name or phrase was mentioned to him, he could write it immediately with faultless orthography; but he could not read one word of what he had written, nor even distinguish one letter from another!

But this is not always the case. The man to whom we have referred as capable of uttering only the jargon 'Cousisi,' could yet write his name correctly, but could not, in ordinary circumstances, write any other word. When asked to write his address, he again wrote his name, though acutely conscious of his mistake. In another case, a man who could speak only the two words 'Mamma' and 'No,' was asked: 'What is your name?' 'Mamma.' 'What is your age?' 'Mamma, no.' But on being asked to write his name, he did so, very legibly, 'Henri Guénier.' He was then again asked to pronounce it, when the everlasting 'Mamma' came instead. When asked to write 'Mamma,' he wrote 'Guénier,' and the same on being asked to write 'No.'

We have given these examples, taken almost at random, and the reader will at once see the difficulty of constructing any theory that will explain all these verbal and mental phenomena. We may add, that many aphasics, utterly incapable of writing a word, on being asked to do so, will write with more or less facility when it is placed before them as a copy. It is evident, however, that in such cases it is only the imitative faculty that is brought into action—that they copy the letters of the word merely as combinations of strokes and curves, not as intelligible symbols. It is also observable that the majority of aphasics who have lost the power to originate words, or to speak or write them when pronounced in their presence, are yet able to understand spoken, and, in some instances, written language. They generally give unequivocal evidence of having comprehended what has been said to them. Connected, however, with this there are some inexplicable anomalies. One man who perfectly understood the meaning of the word *strength*, had evidently no glimmering of the signification of its correlative *weakness*. This was shewn by his vacant look when asked 'if he was weaker to-day,' and his immediate gleam of intelligence and ready answer when the question was varied to, 'if he was less strong to-day.' That aphasia be ideally complete, the inability to comprehend the meaning of words ought to be equally well marked with the inability to originate them. In one remarkable case, the patient did not recognise even the name of his brother when uttered in his presence; but when the same relative was indicated to him by a gesture conveying a characteristic mark, the recognition was immediate. This man's inability to understand spoken language appears to have extended only to names; for on being intrusted with a sum of money, with reiterated instructions to pay it to the gardener (a very old servant of the family), he went and, without any hesitation, gave it to the *coachman*. He had comprehended the general drift of the commission, but had entirely failed to apprehend the individual by means of his name. Cases of this kind appear, however, to be rare. As a general rule, the subjects of the disease perfectly understand spoken language. It must also be added that in not a few recorded instances, when wholly unable to articulate words, they could write them with facility, and were also able to understand written language. This appears to point directly to the fact, that aphasia is of two kinds, and dependent on two different abnormal cerebral conditions. In the one, the power of using the organs of articulate language is weakened or destroyed, and this is probably due to the loss of the power to co-ordinate the necessary vocal move-

ments.* In the other kind, the ability to express ideas by speaking, writing, and sometimes even by signs, is impaired or lost, and no cause short of the obliteration from the mind of the *idea* of the missing words can be deemed sufficient to account for this extraordinary mental phenomenon. And here two interesting psychological questions are inevitably suggested. The first has reference to the general state of the mental faculties in the subjects of this disease.

Does the fall of the verbal part of the mental fabric involve in its ruin any other portion of the structure? The question is one not easily answered. The difficulty of determining whether there is any serious impairment of the intellectual powers, arises from the state of mental isolation in which the aphasic, at least in the worst cases, is necessarily placed. The usual tests for trying the question of mental integrity are wholly inapplicable; and it may be added, that those which have been substituted are, in the opinion of the writer, equally so. M. Trousseau, the celebrated French physician, from whose clinical observations some of our cases have been taken, has come to the conclusion, that 'there is no doubt that the intellect is deeply injured in aphasia.' But on what grounds is the conclusion based? We give one of his crucial experiments in his own words: 'Memory, which is so important a faculty of the understanding, is deeply injured, as may be easily ascertained. Most aphasic patients answer very well by signs, and I have repeatedly made the following experiment in your presence. I shew them a spoon, and ask them what it is. They make no answer. Is it a knife? They make a sign of denial. Is it a fork? A sign of denial again. Do you remember the name of the object I am shewing you? Denial. Is it a spoon? A very earnest sign of approval. And so it is with nearly all aphasics.' It is singular that a man of M. Trousseau's acuteness could propound such a test as this in a cerebral disease of which the most prominent and essential symptom is the loss of the power of language. The real question to be determined is this: Do the subjects of the disease shew any signs of diminished intelligence, as evidenced by tests not involving the use of spoken or written language? It is clear, on M. Trousseau's own shewing, that, in the majority of cases, it is not memory in general that is affected, but only *verbal* memory; for he tells us (and he is rather puzzled at the anomaly) that though they have forgotten the *name*, they remember well enough the *use*, of the articles he shewed them. We may add, as throwing light on the question, that nearly all aphasics have an intelligent look; can play at games requiring forethought and mental concentration; and shew that they are possessed of that aggregate mental attribute which is really after all what distinguishes the sane man from the imbecile and the lunatic—*common sense*. In fact, apart from the ability to speak and write, aphasics appear intellectually and morally to be much the same as other people, or much the same as their former selves.

But in connection with this, another very interesting question remains to be investigated, which may be stated in various ways. What influence does the deprivation of the power of expressing

* It may not be unnecessary to explain that this disease is quite distinct from a privation of voice caused by paralysis of the vocal organs.

ideas exert over the ideas to be expressed? How can the processes of thinking be carried on in the absence of the aid of word-symbols? Is language merely the outlet of the thinking entity, or is it an indispensable instrument of thought? It cannot be denied that in ordinary circumstances, thought and language—the idea and the word, are so intimately blended, that they may be said to be almost identical; and that they are so, has been contended by many psychologists. We cannot enter now on the abstract question, but will merely state the bearing of the facts of aphasia upon it. If there is anything more certainly established than another as regards this disease, it is this—that the loss of the symbol does *not* involve the loss of the idea. But this statement throws us back on another question: Are there any reliable facts in the experience of aphasic patients which serve to shew that the operations of the intellect can be carried on without the aid of language? It is clear that the only available evidence on this point is that of the patients themselves, in those cases where ultimate recovery has taken place. Several instances are on record in which the loss of verbal power, while complete for a short period, soon passed away.

On the 31st of January 1772, Dr Spalding of Berlin was engaged in his study writing out a receipt for money, and had completed the first two words, when he became suddenly conscious that he was wholly unable to find the rest of the words in his memory. In vain he endeavoured to delineate letter after letter with constant reference to those going before; the *ideas* of the words in his mind were wholly wanting, and he threw down the pen in despair. After a time, he endeavoured to speak, but nothing but meaningless monosyllables came. He has left us a graphic account of his thoughts at this time, from which we learn that he was perfectly able to bring the consolations of religion and philosophy to bear on his own state. From his own narrative, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that the mental processes were carried on without conscious difficulty on his part. But though he gives us the substance of his reasoning, he wholly neglects to satisfy our curiosity as to its *form*. Did he think and reason in *words*? While unable to speak and write words, did he still retain in some inexplicable manner the power to *think* them? On this point, he appears to have made no observations. Another case of this kind is that of an eminent French physician, who was engaged in his study reading Lamartine's *Essays*, when suddenly he became conscious that he was not taking in the import of what he was reading. In some alarm, he tried to re-read the passage, but with the same result. He then endeavoured to call out for help, but could not utter a word. He next began to move his limbs in the most complicated manner, to convince himself that there was no paralysis. He found, on trial, that he could no more express himself by writing than by speaking. All this time, he was mentally reasoning on his own case, and endeavouring to refer the symptoms to some special lesion in the brain. On the arrival of a physician some hours after, he made signs that he wished to be bled, which was scarcely done when he was able to articulate some unconnected words; and in the course of twelve hours all traces of the abnormal symptoms had disappeared. In this instance, no mental power appears to have been affected excepting the special

faculty of language; and we have here also the same tantalising reticence as to the mode in which the mental operations were conducted; and the silence is the more inexplicable, as the subject of the attack had made diseases of the brain his special study. In another case, however, that of M. Lordat, an eminent French physician, the point on which we desiderate information receives due attention. M. Lordat informs us that he could combine abstract ideas, and distinguish them accurately, although he could not command a single word to express them, and without in the least thinking of this mode of expression. He was, he says, conscious of no impediment to the art of thinking. 'I reflected on the Christian doxology, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," and it was impossible to recall even a single word of it.' He felt no difficulty in disposing in his mind of the chief points of a lecture, and introducing any change he liked in the arrangement of his ideas. M. Lordat's testimony is all the more valuable as he was evidently possessed of no mean power of analytical acumen. M. Tronseau has indeed taken exception to his testimony, on the ground that he might have been mistaken—a supposition for which there appears to be no grounds whatever. And we may add, that M. Lordat's statement is wholly in harmony with all the facts which have been observed in connection with this singular malady. Two things are perfectly evident: the power of language is lost, and the ideas, of which words are the symbols, still remain. It therefore follows that the aphasic must either think without words, or he must retain the power to think words after he has lost the ability to speak and write them. Between these two alternatives, our choice of a theory must lie; and while the former supposition is supported by the case we have given, it seems not so inconceivable as the other. We do not deny that this conclusion appears to be in direct opposition to many well-known facts unconnected with this disease, but we here confine ourselves to the bearing of the facts of aphasia on the question.

This article, if it serves no other purpose, will shew that the subject may be brought to throw much interesting light on some questions of a psychological nature, if only very careful and painstaking observations are devoted to it. We may leave the subject with confidence in the hands of those intelligent and painstaking physicians from whose researches and observations the materials of this paper have been selected.

LORD ULSWATER.

CHAPTER XI.—ON THE LAWN.

ALTHOUGH the morning was a July morning, the month was still young; and as William Morgan made his tardy way between the hedgerows that bounded what was called the Manor Road, there was a freshness in the verdure, and an elasticity in the air, that might in vain be sought for when the sultry season should be further advanced. The sky was of a bright blue, mottled by whole caravans of fleecy-white clouds; the delicate blush of the wild-rose varied the green of the quickset here and there; and there was dew yet sparkling on the cobwebs, that glittered as they spanned the grass in shaded spots. It was one of those phases of weather

that shew the English climate, and the soft English scenery of low hill and woodland, of dell, and dingle, and brooklet, to the greatest advantage.

But the beauty of the day was lost upon William Morgan. He paced on, slow and thoughtful, and gave not a glance to the smile of the sunny morning, or ever noted the wild-flowers peeping coyly out from the hollows and brushwood of the banks, that rose steeply on either hand. There was a faint, a very faint resemblance between the young man and his invalid sister, such a likeness as occasionally exists between a very beautiful and a very ugly person, knit together by the ties of blood. Not that Fortunatus Morgan—that was the nickname, of Etonian device originally, which the mild satirists of Pall Mall had chosen to apply to the future legislator—not that Fortunatus Morgan was ugly. Pale, middle-sized, and with a small and regular set of features, with auburn hair, and a weak little auburn moustache shading his upper lip, he was rather good-looking than the reverse; precisely the sort of man to pass muster in a crowd, and to attract scanty notice. His gray eyes, indeed, had at times a look that was pensive, and almost wistful, a look that reminded those who knew Ruth Morgan of the sad, eager, spiritual light that shone in the eyes of the dying sister, who loved her brother with an unselfish devotion which seemed the only link binding her to earth. But Ruth's eyes were blue, not gray, and they were far larger than her brother's, and met the gaze of others more frankly.

There really do seem to be natures on which no amount of worldly prosperity can confer pleasure, just as there are others that cannot be made miserable by all the sufferings of Job. Here, for instance, was the young master of enormous wealth, one whose name was a proverb for good-luck, on whom it seemed as if Fortune had poured forth with large liberality the stores of her cornucopia, and yet discontent sat upon his brow, and he looked as moody—allowance being made for a difference in intellectual calibre—as Hamlet the Dane. Great riches were his, great power for good or ill, fair day-dreams of ambition, sweet prospects of domestic joy, and yet he was sad, and almost sullen, as he walked along the familiar road that led to the house where his affianced bride dwelt. The pains that lovers feel, or, at anyrate, the description of them, are somewhat out of date in modern days. It was different once. The wits, the poets, the fine gentlemen, the cavaliers and bloods of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, made no secret of the martyrdom which the caprice or coldness of some cruel fair one caused them to endure. Torments, tortures, flames, rages, furies, were the mildest expressions in the rhymes that bewailed the perfidy or the sternness of a mistress. Fickle Fanny, stony-hearted Belinda, perjured Araminta, were roundly rated in good rattling Alexandrines for their barbarity, and seldom escaped a score or so of poetically abusive epithets. The jilted lover, the snubbed swain, the victims of feminine harshness or treachery, roared out their complaints to the world, and told all who cared to read their couplets, how they languished, drooped, pined, burned, writhed, and died, metaphorically speaking.

We have changed all that. A gentleman would be ashamed to drop into the smoking-room of his club and pass a copy of verses bewailing his hard fate from hand to hand, or possibly to permit some

friend to read aloud to the sympathetic audience a half-dozen of stanzas impugning the cruelty of Chloe, or invoking curses on mercenary Lavinia, as was the mode at Wills's or the Cocoa Tree, when coffee-houses were. But it does not follow, because the wounded bleed inwardly, and suffer in silence, that the darts of nineteenth-century Pentheseleas lack point or barb. The successful suitor for the hand of Flora Hastings was not happy. He had not been rejected, and certainly he had no broken vows to complain of, like the gold-laced and be-ruffled beaux who penned heroics and Sapphic odes to the fair disturbers of their peace. But—Yes, in these ill-assorted marriages there always is a 'but,' more or less portentous. The sting goes with the honey, the thorn with the flower. Some are too dull to perceive it, and go through life in an ox-like sort of sluggish contentment. Some, whose senses are a little more acute, dimly perceive that all is not well, and that the blessing of even a bishop cannot secure bliss to those who are mated, but not matched. Others, again, struggle and rebel against the chain that their own act has riveted, and either endure the galling of the fetters, or rend and bruise their flesh most cruelly in the unhallowed effort to break away from them.

In William Morgan's case, there was a 'but,' though he was luckier than some men and women, in that the doubt and dread had come to him before, instead of after marriage. Not that he doubted his own love for Miss Hastings; he was sure, too sure of that. He had never been really in love before: his was rather a cold nature, shy, distrustful, secretive, and it was new to him to feel how very closely the thought and memory of a fair girl's bright face had come to be tangled with his heartstrings.

He was almost afraid of the depth and force of his own passion, more resembling the old divine frenzy that inspired heathen heroes of old, than the modern mawkish preference for 'a nice girl,' a 'pretty little party,' which is the utmost to which the stoical swell of our epoch will confess. He felt as if he were playing too high, felt as a gambler might feel, who, in the fever of his heated blood, had set his all upon one cast of a die, or one turn of a card, and must be a beggar if he lost. He was well-nigh angry with himself for loving Flora Hastings so very sincerely and engrossingly as he did love her. How if she died—she without whom it now seemed impossible that he should live, at least that he should live any life tinged by joy and hope? How if she should quarrel with him—become estranged from him, give her affections, if not her hand, to some other man, and leave him lonely and bankrupt in that without which his money was but dross to him?

Perhaps he had some imperfect consciousness that this match, on which he had set his heart, and in which his dearest hopes were centred, was a faulty one at best. Perhaps he suspected, rather than knew, that he, William Morgan, was not fit to be the companion, guide, counsellor, and truest friend, through the difficult journey of life, for a clever, warm-hearted, and imaginative girl like Flora Hastings. Possibly, he had some darkling perception of the fact that, whether or no she loved him now, her acceptance of his proposals had been rather prompted by a desire to please her parents, than by any preference for himself; and it did occur to him, once and again, with the pertinacity of a haunting ghost, that the absence of

any genuine sympathy between two persons who were to be linked together by bonds that only sin or death could break, augured but ill for their future happiness in wedded life. But he drove the thought from him as an exorcist might have banished a rebel spirit. She was too beautiful, and sweet, and noble, to be renounced. He loved her too dearly to take counsel of his prudence, where she was in question.

Musing thus, the accepted suitor pursued his way until the bright gravel of the drive that swept, yellow and glistening, past the deep porch of the manor-house, crackled beneath his tread. He was going up to the door as usual, when the well-known tap, tapping of a hardwood croquet mallet upon a hardwood croquet ball, accompanied by the silvery sound of merry girlish laughter, fell upon his ear. He looked round towards the garden, caught a glimpse of waving hat-feathers and muslin skirts gleaming and fluttering through the dark screen of trees that belted in the green-sward, and after a moment's hesitation, he turned towards the quarter whence the sounds proceeded, opened a low iron gate, and passed on beside the flower-beds to the broad lawn.

The group of young ladies and of young men, visitors at Shellton Manor, some of whom were playing croquet while the others looked on, was a merry group enough; indeed, young people, well to do in the world, and on terms of that comfortable intimacy with one another which comes from living together under the hospitable roof of the same country-house, must be very much to be pitied if they cannot pass the rosy hours agreeably. The weather was delicious. Shellton was, of its kind, a pleasant house wherein to sojourn. The Right Honourable Robert growled a little now and then, but gouty men, and notably cabinet ministers, are privileged to exhibit a modicum of ill-humour when the fiend of Podagra is busy with their feet and ankles; and Mrs Hastings was just what the mistress of a mansion should be. It was all very nice; the guests had not been together long enough to tire of their company, but had had time to thaw into genial good-humour; and croquet, if rather a dull game to some fancies, lends itself to flirtation better even than the archery it has supplanted. Archery had its merits, no doubt; the attitudes that belonged to the bow-maiden's art set off a graceful figure in great perfection; the uniform was often a becoming one, and there was room for a display of nerve and skill; but then it is not every one who possesses a graceful figure, or who can hit bulls-eyes, and win golden arrows; whereas the stupidest girl alive can play croquet—so can the wittiest and the prettiest. The game is deservedly popular.

Some of the youthful guests at Shellton, then, were contending in the strife of coloured balls and iron arches, and the others were chatting and watching them, lazy, but well amused. The country-bred girls, really fond of croquet, and accustomed to it, were of course the most skilful and eager of the players, and the simple enthusiasm with which they disputed about those recondite rules of 'rocketing,' turning back, and so on, regarding which books have been written, was very wonderful and refreshing to the hackneyed London men to whom they were teaching the game. Flora Hastings, with a mallet in her hand, stood among the others like a tall lily among hardy blooming roses. The paleness that is the inevitable

result of late hours and hot rooms, had not yet been conquered by the fresh air of the country; but she looked gloriously beautiful, with her golden hair and pure delicacy of complexion, with blue eyes that were at once bright and thoughtful, as noble a girl as any in broad England.

So now William Morgan comes in sight, and as he is perceived, a sort of chill seems to fall upon the blithe party, as if he brought a cold atmosphere along with him. They all greeted him, of course, and appeared glad to see him, as decency required, but he threw a damp upon their spirits, somehow, and they were more artificially polite, less heartily good-natured, from the moment that he came among them. It might have been remarked that no one seemed to be on familiar terms with the new-comer, not even Flora Hastings; she gave him her hand very frankly indeed, more frankly, perhaps, than he liked, for he would have preferred a little less of sisterly simplicity in her reception of him; she said a few words of kindly commonplace, to which he made answer awkwardly enough; then he stood still, moodily watching the game.

It is strange, sometimes, to observe that one member of a company seems to be parted from the rest by some invisible barrier that cannot be broken through. Such a viewless wall existed, in this instance, between William Morgan and the guests at the manor-house, or, at anyrate, the younger among them. It was not one of those customary and recognised fences by which the highly complicated society of a country like our own is intersected. It was not the boundary-hedge, for example, that might, by a bold metaphor, be supposed to exist between Belgravia and Bloomsbury, or to screen Mayfair from the incursions of Finsbury. The man who was to marry Miss Hastings was not likely to offend against the Graces. Etonians, gentlemen-commoners of Oxford, cannot well be otherwise than persons of good-breeding, unperplexed by aspirates, accurate in dress and deportment. William Morgan, quiet and unassuming, was as much unlike the popular type of the blatant parvenu Cæsus as any man could be, and yet no one ever could 'get on with him,' as the phrase is. The male visitors at Shellton treated him with what the French call high consideration, but there was a reserve that could never be got over. The young-lady guests did not like him; they were half afraid of him, having heard accounts of his wonderful wealth and prospects, until they esteemed him a sort of stray prince from the *Arabian Nights*; but they did not much admire the prince personally.

The game went on, but not with the old zest. The rosy-cheeked, honest-eyed girls from Cheshire or Somersetshire began to find, they hardly knew why, that the fun of croquet was over. They did not prattle or laugh so merrily as before, nor did their cavaliers encourage them by saying such amusing things, or by making such delightfully provoking blunders in the mimic warfare, as had been the case before Morgan's arrival. If the young master of vast riches had been the Fay Morgan, his namesake, he could hardly have thrown a greater gloom over the good meeting by never so threatening an apparition in griffin-drawn chariot. The mallets went tap, tap, like so many woodpeckers, and the balls were driven through the arches with exemplary precision, but the

croquet might as well, so far as conversation went, have been carried on by a select assemblage of Quakers.

'Suppose we leave off: the sun is coming round to this side of the lawn, and every one seems tired of the game,' said Miss Hastings at last; and the mallets were idle in a moment. Every one was glad to leave off.

'You seemed to enjoy the game half an hour ago, or at least I fancied you did,' said William Morgan peevishly. A kill-joy's temper is not always improved by the perception that he is a kill-joy.

'Well, but one may have enough even of a good thing, you know,' remarked jolly Captain Crashaw of the Blues.—'Don't you think so, Miss Warburton?'

Miss Warburton did think so; and as several voices affirmed the applicability of Crashaw's maxim to this particular case, the hammers and balls were discarded, and a move towards the house seemed imminent, when two new personages came upon the scene—Mrs Hastings and Lord Ulswater. They came over the velvet-smooth lawn from the house, smiling and talking. Mrs Hastings, gracious to all within the charmed circle of her intimate acquaintances, was doubly gracious to Lord Ulswater; perhaps in remembrance that her own race was near akin to the Carnacs, perhaps in the vague hope of winning over an Opposition champion. William Morgan, gnawing his lip, a little apart from the rest, envied the ease of the late comer's bearing. Lord Ulswater's manners had nothing affected—nothing that savoured of the late Sir Charles Grandison; and yet their very simplicity was full of grace. Even so poor an act of courtesy as that which the new arrival performed by lifting his hat, seemed to be more expressive, in his case, of a chivalrous deference towards the sex whose presence claimed this homage, than others could impart to it. The sunlight glinted on the tawny gold of the young lord's clustering hair, as his handsome head towered above the group which he was approaching.

Lord Ulswater was one of those men, rare everywhere, but especially scarce in England, whose apparently unstudied ease of deportment relieves the habitual awkwardness of their companions. Most of our countrymen are painfully alive to a tormenting fear of ridicule, and remain on the defensive, tightly braced up in a sort of moral buckram suit, like some sixteenth-century knight, hardly able to waddle in the heavy plate-armour that made him invulnerable and helpless. And yet the rising orator, whose name the newspapers were busy with, said nothing that any of his brother Eleusinians might not have said, so far as the words went. He was not in the least eloquent or witty; but very common-place sentences, spoken as Lord Ulswater spoke them, were apt to ring musically in a lady's ear. He was, he said, an unconscionably early visitor, but he had been anxious to find his neighbours at home, and had ridden over the downs at this Gothic hour to avoid the empty ceremony of card-leaving later in the day. He was so glad to hear that Mr Hastings was getting the better of his old enemy the gout; and yet he had a selfish interest in the gout's tardy retreat, inasmuch as it secured the stay of his friends in the vicinity of the Abbey, where he himself really thought he should remain for some weeks, unless Lady Harriet should turn him out.

Lady Harriet, as Lord Ulswater had been telling Mrs Hastings a moment before, sent all sorts of kind messages, and was very soon coming over to the Manor. He hoped that the inmates of Shellton would not be afraid of his aunt's haunted house; they might perhaps be tempted by the fine weather to venture so far. Lady Harriet would scream at the notion of a ball or a drum, but a sort of fête or picnic in the ruins, he thought, would be rather good fun. The croquet was over before he came; what a pity! That was all he said to Miss Hastings; and then he turned to talk with the four or five men whom he knew more or less, and shook hands very cordially with the son-in-law elect, and was delighted to make the acquaintance of the rosy young ladies from distant counties, and altogether was a very pleasant specimen of the morning caller.

William Morgan, sulking in the shadow of the rhododendron clump, like Achilles in his tent, viewed Lord Ulswater with gloomy eyes. He had always been well enough treated by the chief of the Carnacs; knew no ill of him, and certainly had no just grounds for any jealousy with reference to Lord Ulswater and beautiful Flora Hastings. He told himself, angrily, that he was not jealous; but he wished this dreadfully handsome, dangerously well-spoken young patrician twelve thousand miles away in New Zealand, or twelve feet below the pavement of the chapel at St Pagans, or anywhere, so that he were not bending his proud head before Flora Hastings, and looking with his dark-blue eyes into hers. And yet, what, in the name of common-sense, had occurred to make the most petulant of betrothed suitors out of temper? A gentleman had called at a country-house, and the mistress of it having brought him to join a knot of croquet-players on the lawn, he had said a few words, as politeness required, to the young lady her daughter; that was all. There was absolutely nothing whereat to take umbrage. Othello himself would scarcely have objected to Lieutenant Cassio's paying that much attention to Madame Desdemona. But—

It was the miserable fate of this fortune's favourite to find a 'but' always ranking in his secret soul. He declared that he was not angry with Lord Ulswater, but he confessed to his own heart that he was—not angry, of course—but vexed, with Flora. Why did her eyes fall timidly to the ground, for one fleeting instant, before the visitor's eyes? Why did she start, very slightly, but perceptibly, when first she caught sight of the tall figure at her mother's side? And why was there that tell-tale flutter, that sudden flush of dainty rose-pink in her cheek, pale till then, a flush that passed away as quickly as it came? And, above all, why was there that momentary hesitation in giving Lord Ulswater her hand? She had given her hand to him, William Morgan, her affianced husband, simply and readily enough, some half-hour ago—too simply, too readily, he thought, in the bitterness of his spirit; and there had been none of these flattering signs of emotion that the betrothed lover fancied he had detected in the greeting given to Lord Ulswater.

If this were so, had he not a right to be vexed, nay, to be more than vexed? Surely, he who was to be this girl's husband should be an object of greater interest in her eyes than any mere acquaintance, whatever his rank or his personal merits. It was gall and wormwood to him to dwell upon these things, and he began to comfort himself on account

of his great need for comfort. After all, perhaps he was mistaken. Then he set to work to prove to himself the error into which he had fallen.

The case for the defence was plausible, and in accordance with the wishes of the judge self-appointed to try the fault or innocence of Flora. The start, and flush, and flutter, the fact that the girl had faltered as she extended her hand to Lord Ulswater, had been so very slight and brief, that no one less lynx-eyed than a jealous lover could have espied them. They might have been imaginary, or, at anyrate, the beholder might have exaggerated them for his own self-torment. Admitting that such marks of agitation had had any real existence, how harsh was it to blame one of the age of Miss Hastings for trifling tokens of an embarrassment which by no means implied a preference for the cause of it. The visitor was a man of note, a recent celebrity, whose fame was bruited by a flourish of political trumpets; just the sort of brilliant person that young ladies look up to with that tendency to hero-worship which sits so prettily upon their impressionable sex. Lord Ulswater had been quite unconscious, and so, evidently, had been shrewd, worldly Mrs Hastings and the loungers around. A verdict of 'Not guilty,' or, at anyrate, of 'Not proven,' was returned in William Morgan's unseen court for the trial of his future wife.

In spite of this acquittal, the accepted suitor found himself narrowly watching the conduct of Miss Hastings and of Lord Ulswater during the remainder of the latter's somewhat protracted visit. But there really was nothing whereat the severest duenna of Spanish domestic life would have had a right to cavil. Lord Ulswater was pressed to stay for lunch, and he stayed. Finally, when the pony-carriages and the saddle-horses, and the big barouche for the non-riding or driving matrons of the party, came round to the door, and there was a dispersal of the guests towards two or three places of local interest, from the Marine Parade of Shellton-on-Sea to the ruins of Capel Castle, Lord Ulswater rode with one of the detachments just so far, and no further, as their roads lay together. It certainly was the case that Miss Hastings was one of this detachment, and Lord Ulswater as certainly rode at her side for some portion of the way; but he was, to all appearance, as attentive to Miss Warburton or to Mrs Heneage, as to the queen of the London season. Nothing occurred to confirm William Morgan's suspicions; suspicions which, as he somewhat ostentatiously told himself, he had laid at rest for ever. And yet, if the dandies and damsels among whom he cantered on that day could have read the real feelings of him whom they called behind his back by the half-envious nickname of Fortunatus Morgan, no one of them, not even Crashaw of the Blues, who was head over ears in debt, would have been willing to change places with the Ceresus of Crumlingham. This young man, outwardly so cold and unattractive, loved Flora Hastings so deeply and desperately, that the thought of losing her gave him exquisite pain. He scented the coming peril afar off, and knew, as by some instinct, not to be lulled to sleep, that the great sorrow of his life was at hand.

CHAPTER XII.—A LINK IN THE CHAIN.

Mr Hackett, M.P., who was at that time the very efficient and experienced Treasury whip, to whose

vigilance and firmness the government owed many a victory in the lobby of the House of Commons, was by far too great a man, in a general way, to fetch and carry between ministers at their posts in London, and ministers leg-tied by gout at country-houses. And, no doubt, under ordinary circumstances, the premier would have sent his private secretary, or even have written by the post, to his absent colleague at Shellton. But Mr Hackett was a personal friend to the Right Honourable Robert, and he had a considerable interest in the matter in question; so he took advantage of a blank day in parliament, and came down to Shellton with a return-ticket.

'So you see, don't you, that Morgan has no time to lose,' urged Mr Hackett, after briefly explaining the reason of his flying-visit. 'Seymour's a dead man; seizure came on at Wildbad: his doctor—he always travels with a doctor—telegraphed the news. Question of hours or days, but recovery impossible. Morgan ought to begin canvassing the county at once.'

'Umph!' grunted the statesman, crumpling up a great official red-sealed letter, one of many that lay on the table, between his fingers. 'Ah! confound it! there it is again. Pinches my left ankle, Hackett, as a crab might do. You can't form any idea of what it is; no one can.'

It was one of the Right Honourable Robert's 'bad' days. The gout was on the alert to maintain its empire. The fiend Podagra, ceasing to be a quiescent fiend, that contented itself with a spasmodic pinch at intervals, was briskly nipping its prey, and the minister's temper was none the better for the fact. Mr Hackett's plastic countenance assumed a sympathetic expression. 'I dare say not,' he said very blandly. 'Have you tried colchicum?'

'Have I tried fiddlesticks!' snapped Mr Hastings, very rudely, it must be owned, but then there is no pleasing a man with the gout. If you suggest nothing for the sufferer's relief, it is obvious to his Podagra-ridden fancy that you do not care for his affliction; but if you do venture on advice, your advice is almost certain to be flung in your teeth. As for colchicum, that well-known and antique remedy was the Right Honourable Robert's sheet-anchor, though it often failed to soothe his pangs; but he resented the mention of it now as cordially as if Mr Hackett had ventured on a playful adaptation of popular inquiry as to the minister's poor feet.

The suavity of the Treasury whip was unruffled. 'Ah!' he said, 'it suits some constitutions wonderfully well. Hendon and Pashleigh, and one or two more men of our time of life, swear by colchicum still. It may be abused, of course, but so may anything else.'

This little speech mollified Mr Hastings somewhat. Lord Hendon and Sir Edmund Pashleigh were his juniors, as he well knew, and certainly Mr Hackett was a younger man by a good five years, and yet the four were calmly set down as contemporaries. Gentlemen of the years to which the Right Honourable Robert had attained are apt to be nearly as touchy and tenacious on the subject of their age as ladies of a similar standing; and there was an implied compliment in the visitor's words that produced a lenitive effect on the minister's nerves.

'I know one thing,' said the master of Shellton, half apologetically, 'and that is, that gout makes

one into a bear—unfit to talk to any one but a good-tempered fellow like you, Hackett.—About Morgan, though, do you think there's any necessity for hurrying matters? If the agent?—

'No, no; nothing like a personal canvass: you have no idea how touchy they are down there,' earnestly interrupted Mr Hackett. 'The Conflagrative have got half-a-dozen men fighting to be put up for such a chance as that, and lots of money ready; all the Bosworth interest against us too, remember; and there are dozens of country gentlemen who won't help us, for fear of offending the Duke. Our only chance is for Morgan to take the field at once; and Sharples, the agent, is off already to arrange with the local fellows about public meetings, addresses, and the rest of it. I don't know what sort of a speaker our young friend may be.'—

'And I'm sure I don't, but I should say an infernally bad one,' interjected the future father-in-law of the young gentleman alluded to, sorely spurred by the red-hot fingers of his familiar fiend.

'But it does not signify in the least,' coolly went on Mr Hackett. 'He can read, I presume; and whether his speech is in his hat or in his head, matters very little, so that he talks. He'll have to speechify at town-halls, agricultural banquets, mechanics' institutes, and so on. Then he must canvass, and subscribe to everything local—from the repairs of a church-tower to a thatcher's family of fourteen children—and Sharples will manage the rest.'

Mr Hastings meditated for a few moments, frowning at his own thoughts. 'All this will take time, won't it? The young man may be kept at this work all the rest of the summer or so, it seems to me,' said he dubiously.

The county which Fortunatus Morgan aspired to represent was at some distance from that in which Shellton was situated. Youths of vast wealth and great prospects coming into counties on such an errand, and backed by a powerful party, are pretty sure to be caressed, and feasted, and made much of by influential supporters, and may sometimes prove not insensible to the witchery of bright eyes that beam enthusiastically in honour of their triumph. Not impossibly, the Right Honourable Robert may have pondered over the risk of letting go so big a fish, meshed, indeed, in the net of matrimony, but not landed; and very probably Mr Hackett, trained by long practice to read the worldlier thoughts of those with whom he came in contact, knew perfectly well what was passing through the statesman's mind.

'Now, Hastings,' said the Ulysses of the Treasury, bending forward and speaking in a low, earnest tone, making use, too, of the familiarity of addressing the minister by his name, without any prefix, a freedom which he allowed himself only once or twice in an interview, on much the same principle which induces a grandee of Spain to put on his hat before royalty—'now, Hastings, we are old friends, and I want to be useful to you in this matter. We—I and my prime minister, you know—prefer young Morgan to any other man we could start for the county. He's one of those safe, slow young fellows that make the best steady-paced working-members. In fifteen years, or in ten, I dare say he would get his peerage. We would make him a Royal Commissioner of all sorts of things; or even, if he likes to go into red tape

harness, an Under-secretary. But if his leaving Shellton just now interferes with any family arrangements?—

Here the speaker hesitated, but his eyes completed the sentence. The Treasury whip had very expressive eyes, being a little, wiry, black-haired man, with the glance of a hawk. Mr Hackett was, as his name implied, Irish, but until he grew excited, no one could ever have detected the Milesian raciness in his voice. The Right Honourable Robert took a minute for reflection. 'No, no; I suppose he ought to go,' said he reluctantly, but deliberately enough. 'There is no actual time fixed for the wedding, and—I suppose Colonel Seymour will not consent to resign?'

Mr Hackett shook his head. 'They cannot ask him,' said he, with a glance at his watch, and another at the ornamental clock on the chimney-piece: 'they dare not trouble him on any irritating topic. Till the breath is out of his body—and he may linger long—the poor fellow is member for Oakshire.'

'I see. Morgan must go. I'll have him in here and talk to him, and put the thing as you put it. And I must say, my dear Hackett, that you have done me a great kindness by coming down in person to explain matters, and to give me a chance of—of— By the by, you'll take some lunch, Hackett, if you won't stay to dinner?' said the master of the house, for already the guest was drawing on his gloves, and preparing to go. This, however, Mr Hackett declined. At Shellton-on-Sea, he had had his biscuit and glass of sherry—so he said—and that was all he ever took in the middle of the day. His presence was too needful in London for him to dally with the precious hours at Shellton; he must go; and he did go.

Mr Hackett's musings, as the up-train that bore him back to town flew through the peaceful country, past sleepy hamlets, past ruins of gray old Norman keeps, and among brooks and wooded dells, were not exactly in tune with the soft harmony of rural life. 'We want the cub, and we shall have him'—such were the thoughts that chased each other through his subtle brain. 'He is one of those thundering rich fellows whom no one can call adventurers: he is not too clever—I hate your clever young M.P.—an edge-tool that cuts one's fingers—and then his borough influence is ours, so long as we keep the peerage dangling before him. But Hastings is wrong not to secure him for his daughter—just as if fifty mouths would not water for such a ripe golden plum as that!'

Meanwhile, the owner of Shellton manor-house sat scowling over his papers. He had a vague sense of having been out-generated, somehow, by his political colleagues. Fortunatus Morgan he had come to look upon as his own property, a captive to his wife's bow and spear, and whose ransom was to be the wedding-ring destined to encircle the slender finger of Miss Hastings. It was somewhat provoking that the long-heads of the Treasury benches should have decided on putting forward his elect son-in-law as a candidate for this particular county, and doubly vexatious that the canvass should begin now, instead of at the eve of the dissolution. That would have given reasonable time for the conversion of Flora Hastings into Flora Morgan; but now to hurry on the wedding was out of the question. No day had been named; the tardy solicitors had not got beyond the first rough draft of instructions for the settlements; and wary Mrs

Hastings was averse to pressing her daughter on the subject of the marriage.

And yet, although the Right Honourable Robert was too sound a classical scholar to be unable to quote in its original Latin the line whose English translation tells of the frequency of slips between cup and lip, he could not own his fears. Hackett had shewn his accustomed tact and friendliness; but behind Hackett was the premier, and the head of the cabinet was a man to be obeyed. There was no help for it.

Accordingly, a servant was sent to beg that Mr Morgan would be so kind as to join his intending father-in-law in the latter's study; and after a very short interview it was arranged that the rich aspirant for the representation of Oakshire should start for that shire on the very next day.—'Are you going to-morrow?' said Flora, when he told her the news. 'I am so sorry; but you must be sure to be back by the fourth of next month—the picnic—as they choose to call it—at St Pagans. It is a promise, mind!'

TWO CENTURIES OF SONG.

IN the time past of 'Annuals' and 'Keepsakes,' Art held its head considerably above Literature. Fine Painters limned, great Engravers cut, and rather indifferent Prose-writers and Poets ministered unto them. A picture was sent to the literary hack, or (almost as often) to the person of title who wished to appear in print, and he was requested to write up to the subject—to illustrate the illustration. The result of this system was a very beautiful book, elaborately ornamented, and containing some of the worst letter-press that could be bought for money. To be shut up in a country inn in wet weather, was a dreadful punishment in those evil days for a lover of books. There was no lending library, as is now expressly provided for such emergencies; but if you had ingratiated yourself with the landlady, perhaps that affable dame would supply you from her own parlour table—where it lay on its shining side, untouched, too bright and good to be anybody's mental food—with a *Friendship's Offering*. On the fly-leaf, there was a little garland of flowers, within which the donor, in his best handwriting, had written her name, perhaps when your buxom hostess was in her teens; for such books were not for any particular age, but for all time; that is to say, they were equally inapplicable to any epoch: 'Lines to —'; 'Ispahan and Gondoline, a Persian Story'; 'A Legend of the Rhine Falls,' were the unsatisfactory articles you found inside. If there was anything calculated to awaken the least interest, any story of real life, any sketch of manners drawn from home, initials were substituted for the names of people, and asterisks for those of places. Asterisks also did duty for anything approaching to what is now called 'the sensational.' Nobody was to be amused or informed, and far less excited. Such were the contents with which purchasers of those gorgeous works were then contented. In these days, we have changed all that, and for the better.

Good literature—generally good verse, since that is most fitly wedded to beauty—is now selected for our books of luxury; and then the wood-cutter and the borderer (not the peasant and the moss-trooper, who eternally figured in the annuals aforesaid), but the artist and the engraver, are called in to do their best. Many a man who is 'too old to read any more poetry,' in *malice prepense*, is, in turning over the splendid leaves of a book of this kind, attracted by some once well-loved poem, or induced to peruse a new one, with a secret wonder at finding himself so deeply moved: at discovering that 'ancient founts of inspiration well through all his fancy yet,' or that he has still an inner sense—supposed to have been lost in the Stock Exchange, or at the Bar—which rejoices at the sound of the lyre smitten by an unknown hand. 'I must read this fellow some day,' says he, 'if this extract is a fair specimen of his works:' and though the 'some day' never comes, he has received a genuine pleasure, which, but for the luxurious volume he picked up on his friend's drawing-room table, he would certainly never have experienced. The saying, that 'good wine needs no bush,' is only applicable to toppers. Good poems of course need no meretricious ornaments, in the eyes of true lovers of poetry; but the best chance which verse gets of being read by very many folks lies in its appearance under some attractive garb of 'Gift-book of the Season.' In the case of such chance readers, the objection to posies of verse culled from a hundred gardens, on the ground of their tendency to preclude the perusal of the entire works from which they are extracted, is invalid; while, on the other hand, they often introduce, even to the lover of verse, some gem of which he has hitherto been ignorant. They are the only vehicles in which single poetic efforts can appear, or, at all events, the only amber in which they can be preserved; and many a man has written one or two poems which deserve to live, and no more; or if more, only bad ones. The beauty of these solitary gems of course loses nothing by an elegant and costly setting.

We have been led into these remarks by the increasing splendour and variety of books of this kind, which sparkle on every rich man's table at Christmas-time, as surely as holly-berries in his servants' hall, but especially by one very beautiful example of them, called *Two Centuries of Song*.* Not only is the volume a very splendid one, but the editor, Mr Walter Thornbury, has shewn an exceptional skill in selecting for embellishment poems almost always good, yet, in many cases, by no means commonly known; while his critical and biographical notes, though necessarily brief, exhibit both judgment and fairness.

Although most of our readers know something of Alexander Pope, but very few have heard of his namesake, Dr Walter Pope, and even those few are probably only acquainted with his excellent song, *The Old Man's Wish*, through the medium of

* Sampson Low, Son, and Marston, Ludgate Hill.

Vincent Bourne's elegant version of it in the Latin tongue; and yet, how good is the original!

If I live to be old, for I find I go down,
Let this be my fate, in a country town,
May I have a warm house, with a stone at the gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.

Honi soit qui mal y pense. This last was probably an agreeable custom of the period (1640-1714). It is very evident that the doctor, who was a clergyman, and Dean of Wadham, took a very proper—perhaps a sanitary—view of this operation, from the following chorus, which succeeds every verse:

May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
Without gout or pang, by a gentle decay.
May my little house stand by the side of a hill,
With an easy descent to a mead and a mill,
That when I've a mind, I may hear my boy read,
In the mill, if it rains; if it's dry, in the mead.

Here follows an expression of the desire for natural scenery, very rarely to be found in old songs, and most unlooked-for in an author of this kind:

Near a shady grove and a murmuring brook,
With the ocean at distance, whereon I may look,
With a spacious plain without hedge or stile,
And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.
With Horace and Petrarch, and two or three more
Of the best wits that reigned in the ages before;
With roast-mutton rather than venison or teal,
And clean though coarse linen at every meal.
With a pudding on Sundays, with stout humming liquor,
And remnants of Latin to welcome the Vicar,
With Monte-Fiascone or Burgundy wine,
To drink the king's health as oft as I dine.

Nor Tory or Whig, observator or trimmer,
May I be, nor against the law's torrent a swimmer;
May I mind what I speak, what I write, and what I hear read,
And with matters of State ne'er trouble my head.
Let the gods, who dispose of every king's crown,
Whomsoever they please, set up and pull down;
I'll pay the whole shilling imposed on my head,
Though I go without claret that night to my bed.

Here are some verses of admirable good sense, and very characteristic of the writer:

Though I care not for riches, may I not be so poor
That the rich without shame cannot enter my door;
May they court my converse, may they take much delight
My old stories to hear in a winter's long night.
My small stock of wit may I not misapply
To flatter ill men, be they ever so high;
Nor mispend the few moments I steal from the grave
In fawning or cringing like a dog or a slave.
May none whom I love to such great riches rise
As to slight their acquaintance, and their old friends despise;
So low or so high may none of them be
As to move either pity or envy in me.

I hope I shall have no occasion to send
For priests or physicians till I'm so near my end
That I have eat all my bread and drank my last glass;
Let them come then, and set their seals to my pass.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day,
And when I am dead, may the better sort say,
In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow:
'He's gone, and not left behind him his fellow.'

Without any noise, when I've passed o'er the stage,
And decently acted what part Fortune gave,
And put off my vest in a cheerful old age,
May a few honest fellows see me laid in my grave.

There is a tender pathos mingled with the somewhat worldly wisdom of Dr Walter Pope, which we do not often find in the verse of his great namesake; and we can easily imagine that that Wish of his, at all events, to be regretted by 'the better sort,' when he vacated his 'little house' for a yet smaller one, was granted.

Here are two songs of a very different sort; not without considerable merit; but the wisdom of which lies in the application, and by no means in the sentiments. Gay Captain Morris, hero of Covent Garden carouses, little knew what a 'shocking example' he affords, and how good a sermon he involuntarily preaches:

I've oft been asked by frowning souls,
And men of sober tongue,
What joys there are in draining bowls,
And tipping all night long.
And though these cautious knaves I scorn,
For once I'll not disdain
To tell them why I drink till morn,
And fill my glass again.

'Tis by the glow my bumper gives,
Life's picture's mellow made;
The fading light then brightly lives,
And softly sinks the shade:
Some happier tint still rises there
With every drop I drain—
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

My muse, too, when her wings are dry,
No frolic flight will take,
But round the bowl she'll dip and fly,
Like swallows round a lake;
Then, if the nymphs will have their share,
Before they'll bless their avain—
Why, that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

In life I've rung all changes through,
Run every pleasure down,
Mid each extreme of folly, too,
And lived with half the town;
For me there's nothing new or rare
Till wine deceives my brain—
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

There's many a lad I knew is dead,
And many a lass grown old,
And as the lesson strikes my head,
My weary heart grows cold;
But wine awhile drives off despair,
Nay, bids a hope remain—
Why, that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

Surely there is a lay-sermon in that last verse of the captain's, as much to the point as any which we hear from pulpits, and full of wisest teaching. He has therein summed up, unwittingly, what it all comes to—this 'filling one's glass again;' and the total is far from satisfactory. Unlike the dean, our captain shunned the country as he did his own conscience, and has left a song to prove it.

It was probably written at an earlier stage of his butterfly—or rather his moth-like—life, for the night was the time he loved and lived in :

In London I never know what to be at,
Enraptured with this, and enchanted with that ;
I am wild with the sweets of Variety's plan,
And life seems a blessing too happy for man.

But the Country, Lord help me ! sets all matters right,
So calm and composing from morning till night ;
Oh, it settles the spirits, though nothing is seen
But an ass on a common, a goose on a green.

In town, if it rain, why, it bars not our hope ;
The eye has its range, and the fancy its scope ;
Still the same, though it pour all night and all day,
It spoils not our prospects, it stops not our way.

In the country, how blest, when it rains in the fields,
To feast on the transports which shuttlecock yields !

Or go crawling from window to window to see
A hog on a dunghill, or crow on a tree.

In London, if folks ill together are put,
A beau may be dropped, or a quizz may be cut ;
We change without end, and if happy or ill,
Our wants are at hand, our wishes at will.

In the country, you're nailed, like a pale in your park,
To some stick of a neighbour as old as the Ark ;
And if you are sick, or in fits tumble down,
You meet Death ere the doctor can reach you from town.

I've oft heard that love in a cottage is sweet,
When two hearts in one link of soft sympathy meet ;

I know not of that, for, alas ! I'm a swain
Who require, I own it, more links to my chain.

Your jays and your magpies may chatter in trees,
And whisper soft nonsense in groves, if they please ;
But a house is much more to my mind than a tree,
And for groves, oh, a sweet grove of chimneys for me !

Then in town let me live, and in town let me die,
For I own I can't relish the Country, not I ;
If I must have a villa in summer to dwell,
Oh, give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall !

The last line of the above will be familiar to many ears ; but the whole composition is excellent in its way, and typical of a large class of men or women, or, at least, of gentlemen and ladies.

James Smith, co-author of the famous *Rejected Addresses*, was, like Captain Morris, a town-wit, and had few Arcadian sympathies. When his muse did take flight countrywards, the destination, characteristically enough, was Brighton :

Now fruitful autumn lifts his sunburnt head,
The slighted Park for cambric muslins whiten,
The dry machines revisit Ocean's bed,
And Horace quits awhile the town for Brighton.

The cit foregoes his box at Turnham Green,
To pick up health and shells with Amphitrite ;
Pleasure's fair daughters trip along the Steyne,
Led by the dame the Greeks call Aphrodite.

Phœbus, the tanner, plies his fiery trade ;
The graceful nymphs ascend Judea's ponies,
Scale the West Cliff, or visit the Parade,
While poor papa in town a patient drone is.

Loose trousers snatch the wreath from pantaloon ;
Nankeen of late were worn the sultry in ;
But now (so will the Prince's Light Dragons)
White jean have triumphed o'er their Indian brethren.

Here, with choice food, Earth smiles, and Ocean yawns,
Intent alike to please the London glutton ;
This, for our breakfast, proffers shrimps and prawns ;
That, for our dinner, Southdown lamb and mutton.

Yet here, as elsewhere, Death impartial reigns,
Visits alike the cot and the Pavilion,
And for a bribe, with equal scorn disdains
My half-a-crown and Baring's half a million.

Alas, how short the span of human pride !
Time flies, and hope's romantic schemes are undone ;
Cosweller's coach, that carries four inside,
Waits to take back the unwilling bard to London.

Ye circulating novelists,* adieu !
Long envious cords my black portmanteau tighten ;
Billiards, begone ! avast, illegal loo !
Farewell, old Ocean's bauble, glittering Brighton !

Long shalt thou laugh thine enemies to scorn,
Proud as Phœnicia, queen of watering-places,
Boys yet unbreeched, and virgins yet unborn,
On thy bleak downs shall tan their blooming faces.

How unknown, or if once known, how long forgotten by most of us are the songs we have quoted ! How many more, equally worth quoting, equally novel to most ears, are there in this *Two Centuries of Song* ! It is only from a book like this, selected from more than a hundred authors, that we learn how rich is the land of Shakespeare, not, indeed, in bards like him, but in poets dowered with fancy, humour, music, wit. Moreover, a small portion of this volume is devoted to songs by living writers, about whom there is a peculiar interest with most readers. The majority of them have been little heard of ; but we are not less pleased—nay, more so—to welcome what they offer on that account, provided it is worth our acceptance. Here, for instance, are some stanzas by one Henry S. Leigh, as pleasant and lively as any to be found among the *Vers de Société* in our language :

THE SEE-SAW.

Sickness and health have been having a game with me,
Tossing me, just like a ball, to and fro ;
Pleasure and pain have been doing the same with me,
Treating me simply like something to throw.
Joy took me up to the clouds for a holiday,
In a balloon that she happens to keep ;
Then, as a damp upon rather a jolly day,
Grief in her diving-bell took me down deep.

Poverty came pretty early—bad-luck to her !—
Truly she makes an affectionate wife.
I, like a fool, have been faithful, and stuck to her ;
She'll stick to me for the rest of my life.
As for our children (I wish we had drowned them all)—
Those I regard as the worst of my ills ;
How can you wonder to hear me confound them all,
Seeing that most of those children are *Bills* ?

* Query, libraries.

Hope, who was once an occasional visitor,
 Never looks in on us now for a chat.
 Memory comes, though—the cruel inquisitor!
 (Not that I feel much the better for *that*!)
 Hope was a liar; there's no use denying it;
 Memory's tales are decidedly true;
 Yet I confess that I like, after trying it,
 Hope's conversation the best of the two.

We are indebted for our introduction to many more comparatively unknown, yet very agreeable authors, to Mr Thornbury's good offices, and he seems to know as many again, to judge from his dexterous apology for their omission in the present collection. It is only want of space which has excluded them. 'When a dining-room table will only hold half-a-dozen clever people, it is surely not wise to ask twenty-four.' In addition to these utterances of the Nameless, there are some specimens, at least equally interesting, of the rare verse of our popular prose-writers. There are few great novelists, satirists, essayists who have not at one time of their lives paid court to the muse. We have here the well-known *Ivy Green* of Charles Dickens, curiously characteristic of England's favourite fictionist, in its endowment of an inanimate object with life and passion; and more than one poem of Thackeray's, which will be new to most readers. In these, also, the idiosyncrasy of the author of *Vanity Fair* is very marked; he is cynical, regretful, disappointed, yet expecting little, in his verse as in his prose. There is a touching pathos in his singing, too, as his *Ballad of Bouillabaisse* testifies:

A street there is in Paris famous,
 For which no rhyme our language yields,
 Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—
 The New Street of the Little Fields;
 And here 's an inn, not rich or splendid,
 But still in comfortable case,
 The which in youth I oft attended,
 To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
 A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,
 Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
 That Greenwich never could outdo;
 Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
 Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace;
 All these you eat at Terré's tavern
 In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?
 Yes, here the lamp is, as before;
 The smiling red-cheeked écaillère is
 Still opening oysters at the door.
 Is Terré still alive and able?
 I recollect his droll grimace;
 He'd come and smile before your table,
 And hoped you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter—nothing changed or older.
 'How 's Monsieur Terré, waiter, pray?'
 The waiter stares, and shrugs his shoulder—
 'Monsieur is dead this many a day.'
 'It is the lot of saint and sinner;
 So honest Terré 's run his race.'
 'What will Monsieur require for dinner?'
 'Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?'

'Oh, oui, Monsieur,' 's the waiter's answer;
 'Quel vin Monsieur désire-t-il?'
 'Tell me a good one.'—'That I can, sir;
 The Chambertin with yellow seal.'

'So Terré 's gone,' I say, and sink in
 My old accustomed corner-place;
 'He 's done with feasting and with drinking,
 With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse.'

My old accustomed corner here is;
 The table still is in the nook;
 Ah! vanished many a busy year is,
 This well-known chair since last I took.
 When first I saw ye, *Cari luoghi*,
 I'd scarce a beard upon my face,
 And now, a grizzled grim old fogey,
 I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty
 Of early days, here met to dine?
 Come, waiter, quick! a flagon crusty—
 I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
 The kind old voices and old faces
 My memory can quick retrace;
 Around the board they take their places,
 And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;
 There's laughing Tom is laughing yet;
 There's brave Augustus drives his carriage;
 There's poor old Fred in the Gazette;
 On James's head the grass is growing:
 Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
 Since here we set the claret flowing,
 And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
 I mind me of a time that's gone
 When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
 In this same place—but not alone.
 A fair young form was nestled near me,
 A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
 And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me—
 There's no one now to share my cup.

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
 Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes;
 Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
 In memory of dear old times.
 Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;
 And sit you down and say your grace
 With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is—
 Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse.

There is a great choice of dainties in *Two Centuries of Song*, but space is wanting for further extract; we are already 'crowded,' as the young American belle responded when invited to eat more. Readers must consult the volume for themselves; 'for further information, inquire within;' where also will be found ornamentation and illustration in every page, and such paper and print as should make a book-fancier's mouth water.

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